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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 33.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, March 14, 1832.

Vol. 1.

## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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### BIOGRAPHY.

#### BEN. JOHNSON.

In Westminster Abbey is erected a noble Monument with a Busto in Basso Relievo, the memory of Ben Johnson, the first who translated the English Stage, after the manner of the Ancients. This gentleman was the son of a clergyman in Westauster, and was educated in the college belonging to this Abbey, while Mr Cambden was Master of it, whose care for him he gratefully acknowledged. After his father's death his mother married her second husband, a Bricklayer, and taking him from school, forced him to work at her Husband's trade; during which time, 'tis said he worked in some buildings in Lincoln's Inn, with his sword in one hand, and *Horace* in the other; but Master Cambden taking pity that excellent arts should be lost, recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose son he attended in his travels; upon his return they parted, and Mr Johnson went to Cambridge, where he was elected into St. John's college; his stay here is uncertain; but afterwards coming to London, and eager to try his natural bent to Poetry, he applied himself to a certain Broth, or playhouse, called the *Green Curtain* near Shore-ch, or Clerkenwell; but he made a poor progress there: Afterwards, with the advantages of liter conversation, he attempted a second time, and succeeded so well as to gain the same character among the Dramatick writers that time. He left the world in his 63d year, viz. 1637, viz: 16th of August, and was three years afterwards buried in this Abbey, in the North Isle, under the ancient Escutcheon of the *de Roos*, over whose Tomb one Young, afterwards a Knight in K Charles II's time, of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, placed a stone, which cost eighteen pence, and on it this Inscription:

O rare Ben. Johnson!

Which stone is still remaining. There was said, a considerable sum of money gathered among the curious men of that time, for erecting a Monument or Statue over him, the Rebel-

lion breaking out prevented it. The Monument which is now set up in this place we are speaking of, was done by some person of quality whose name was desired to be concealed. It has only the old inscription, *O rare Ben. Johnson!* and is a neat piece of work; but a mistake of the Sculptor, in setting the Buttons on the left side of the coat, occasioned the following Epigram.

O rare Ben. Johnson! What, a turncoat grown!  
Thou ne'er wer't such till clad in Stone.  
When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat impairs,  
Thou'lt find a Patron in a hundred years:  
Then let not this mistake disturb thy Sprite,  
Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### A DOMESTICATED WEASEL.

Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle de Laistre. 'If I pour some milk into my hands,' says she, 'it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odours by perfumes. During the day, it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols, it comes into my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth like a little dog; leaping on my head and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility, that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished for object; and it is so capricious at times, as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be; it instantly resumes its gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it mortally detests; in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room

till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me with its two little paws; it frequently pats me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intention, when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness. His vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking; but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice; but has sometimes expressed this particular sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams. It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hand. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue, for he evinced fear on several occasions, when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself, but this he would not do. I then dipt a piece of linen cloth in it; this seemed to afford him much pleasure, by rolling himself over it, which he did frequently. The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer or box without his roving through every part of them; if even a piece of paper or a book is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to, and survey with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without their offering him the smallest injury."

#### THE WOODPECKER.

James Vila, Esq of Bedford, has left in our office a sample of the labours of the RED-HEADED WOODPECKER which exhibits a curious specimen of the power and industry of that little animal. This consists of the branch of a young tough white oak, between two and three inches in diameter, perforated in its centre by the bill of the bird. The hole, is as neat and well defined as could have been mortised by a mallet and chisel. The object of the woodpecker, in this performance, was, evidently the attainment of a worm, probably one of the species of the Borer which so often attacks the apple tree. The worm had made a hole in the branch about the size of a goose quill, 4 or 5 inches below the place gouged out by the bird, and was proceeding upwards when the woodpecker brake in upon and devoured the depraedor. That this little despised workman, viz the red headed woodpecker, with his head for a mallet and his bill for a chisel, should make such a perforation, is more

wonderful than the structure of the Pyramids or the Pantheon. Yet boys and other bipeds, who think they have some claims to respectability are in the habit of murdering woodpeckers without provocation and without remorse!

Mr Cornelius Cowing, of Roxbury, once informed us that he found in the stomach of a woodpecker no less than 23 worms, which had been recently extracted. The tongue of this bird is sharp pointed and bearded, on which he impales the insects which reward his labors. The efforts of the woodpecker, however, are often misunderstood, and they are stoned or shot for their good deeds by the stupid bipeds in whose service they are engaged. The perforations they make to extract insects are, by some thought to injure the tree which they are ridding of the worm in its vitals, and death is the reward which ignorance inflicts on the benefactors.

Mr Nuttall, in his *Ornithology*, in speaking of the habits of this bird, observes that "The ancient live oak, his cradle and residence, is cherished as a domicile; he creeps around its ponderous withered arms, views the passing scene with complacence, turns every insect visit to his advantage, and for hours together, placidly reconnoitres the surrounding fields; at times, he leaves his lofty citadel to examine the rails of the fence, or the boards of the adjoining barn; striking terror into his lurking prey by the stridulous tappings of his bill, he hearkens to their almost inaudible movements, and discovering their retreat, dislodges them from their burrows, by quickly and dexterously chiseling out the decaying wood in which they are hid, and transfixing them with his sharp and barbed tongue. But his favourite and most productive retreat is to the adjoining fields of dead and gnarled trees; amidst whose bleaching trunks and crumbling branches, he long continues to find an ample repast of depredation and boring insects. When the cravings of appetite are satisfied, our busy hunter occasionally gives way to a frolicsome or quarrelsome disposition, and, with shrill and lively vociferations, not unlike those of the neighbouring tree frog he pursues, in a graceful curving flight, his companions or rivals round the bare limbs of some dead tree to which they resort for combat or frolic."

N. E. Farmer.

#### NARRATIVE.

##### WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

We have all heard of read of a poor ass, which pined away in melancholy mood between two hay-ricks, because he found it impossible to decide whether the dexter or sinister mound was most worthy to be saluted by the first bite. They both shed their balmy fragrance upon the air, and each pouted out its tempting sides with an equality of beauty and curve marvellously perplexing. Poor fellow; there he stood ruminating upon the point of etiquette, a subject upon which your genuine donkey studieth much, and acquirith strange and intricate notions. The sight must have been most moving and most melancholy to any of our species who might have beheld him in his embarrassment.

We have, however, great doubts whether there ever existed so stupid a four-legged ass upon the face of the earth. But, supposing the tale to be really true, we could find it in our heart much more easy to commiserate with such

an ass as this, than with those of our own species, who, surrounded by a thousand sources of joy and comfort, and having well-known and unperformed duties, are ever exclaiming, "What's to be done?" The most delicious clover that ever was raked together by the blooming nymphs of the valley, never afforded so exquisite a treat to long-eared quadruped, as man experiences when conscious that he hath not left undone those things which he knows he is bound to perform. His mind is then filled with joy, and gladness, and gratitude, and praise. Light are his slumbers; and his dreams are soothing and airy as the flutterings and warblings of the feathered songsters of the woods. The whole creation hath then for him a new, and pure, and glorious charm; and he seemeth to have a feeling, as far as in this frail and ephemeral state he may be able, of "Good-will on earth and peace toward man." There is not one among the innumerable comforts which man enjoys, that doth not acquire a double zest from such reflections.

But no—he gazeth listlessly upon his duties, and neglecteth them till they either accumulate, or, by perpetually recurring to his mind, they seem to address him in the language of reproach, and then he endeavours to avoid or forget them, for the present, by engaging, with feigned avidity, in schemes of idle folly or mis-called pleasure, or saunters, grovelling on, with his feelings benumbed, into the paths of apathy and dreaming procrastination! Alas! this is no imaginary picture. Well do we remember the worthy Dr. Smithers, who was the rector of a village scarcely a mile from the small town whereat we were first bewildered in the mazes of Greek verbs. He was a good man withal, and truly he might well be called a gentle man, for "he bore his faculties so meekly," that he would not, by any act of his, have given pain to a worm; but he seemed ever to be in perplexity, and inquiring "What was to be done?"

"November skies were chill and drear," when the weak, though really worthy couple, were sitting by their fireside, and Mrs. Smithers addressed her spouse, "Really, my dear Charles, it's high time that we settled what's to be done with the boy. He's now near sixteen, and yet—"

"Ah! I know what you would say," yawned the prebendary, for so high up what he sometimes hoped should be the episcopal ladder had the good man climbed, "I have often thought of it. Charles, you know, my dear, is no common youth, or it would be easy to dispose of him. But, I have several plans in my head—yes—let me see—Well, just at present—I hardly know what's to be done—however"—and thus he would go on prising for some half hour or so, with the kind intention of satisfying his wife's mind by what he said: yet more especially bewildered within himself, and continually thinking, "What's to be done?"

He had thought proper, on taking possession of his prebend, which was in fact little better than a nominal honor, to take his doctor's degree, and consequently became a marked character in our thinly-populated neighborhood. The advancement of one grade in society was gratifying to him, and as much perhaps on his own account as on that of his daughter and his son Charles; and, though last not least, because his dear Emilia looked with most benign complacency upon his well-powdered wig. Well do

we remember it, and the awe with which it inspired us in our boyish days. It was a full-blown caxon, one of the last of the cauliflowers; and might be seen, surmounted by a most orthodox "fire-shovel" hat, moving to and fro about the little market-town above the doctor's slender figure, which, supposing the wig to have been really one of Flora's sportive productions, might well have represented the stalk thereof.

The whole neighborhood was delighted when the Doctor's promotion was made known; for he was a general favorite, and never suspected to have been unduly puffed up by his new dignity save once, and that was upon the occasion of his walking into the "County Bull" room with his wife hanging upon his arm, followed by his daughter Emilia and the aforesaid Charles. It was a proud day for the good man, for the great ones of the land thronged around him, and offered their congratulations; and the son of the Lord Lieutenant danced with Emilia; and upon there came about him, and were introduced unto him, some odd dozen of people, who either remembered him at Oxford, or had met him at Squire Smith's, Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's. Then was the Doctor sensible that he had become a "lion," and he felt that there was an opening made for the way of his children in the world, and his fond paternal heart leaped within him for joy, and he resolved, in every possible way, to avail himself of every advantage in his power for the welfare of those so dear to him. So, when he got home, he sat himself down seriously to consider "What was to be done?"

Weeks and months rolled on, but he had come to no decision. Indeed, it was unlikely that he should, seeing that dreams and visionary hopes and wishes were all that occupied his fancy, and could form no solid basis whereon to commence his plans. In this dilemma he consulted our uncle, a military man, who retained to the last that decision and energy of character so essential in his profession, and of which the Doctor stood so wofully in need.

"What's to be done?" exclaimed the veteran, repeating the words with which his revered friend concluded what he meant to be a distinct explanation of his hopes, expectations, resources, &c. "What's to be done! I'll tell you what's to be done. Send your boy to college as soon as he can be admitted. Neither you nor I are young. Don't talk about your family, but act—act—act. A pretty tale should I have had to tell in America, when the French sloop was rounding a point in the Penobscot river, to take a position which must have given her the command of our station, if I had begun to snivel! What's to be done?" There she came with the tide, and we had just as much chance of stopping her, as you and I have of being obeyed if we were to cry, Halt! to the quick march of old Time.—So, keeping a wood between her and our line of march, we took a fresh position, leaving her to amuse herself with the empty stockade; and—well—well—you know the end—I won't bore you with an old story—we took her—changed the tables. It was a monstrous good joke, to see the fellows whom we spared our fire upon them. Well—well—the affair stands thus. Time is either your friend or your enemy. The fellow's never neutral, Doctor—make him your friend, say I, and lose not a moment."

Some other advice our uncle gave concerning

arrangement of the Doctor's pecuniary affairs and expenditure, which shared the same fate as that we have related; for your practised "what's to be done" man hath ever some expedient for putting off his decision for a time; and a good man found it impossible to refuse his assent to Charles's accepting an invitation to spend a few days with the son of a neighboring gentleman, who had considerable influence in the county. These few days became weeks, because it would be long ere poor Charles would be again able to spare time for such enjoyments: and then another invitation came from another friend, and was accepted, and prolonged for similar reasons. But, in the meanwhile, the doctor was not idle. Oh no—he was busily employed, saying unto himself, "What's to be done?" and laboring hard to come to a decision. Would the Doctor imagine himself a hero, or philosopher, about to strike out some new and untried path to happiness, and that his mind was as a council to direct him in the unknown road, when it was incessantly ejaculating this verulous cry?

Whether he sat by the fireside, gazing upon the changing forms therein, or walked in his garden, with his hands in his breeches pockets, hanging behind him, there ever came over his mind a thousand noble resolutions. And ten thousand goodly images and fairy prospects, of pure happiness and greatness for his son, passed before the eyes of his enraptured imagination, and he identified himself, as he meant to be, and acted, in them all successively; but he had not decided on the exact course which he would pursue at the present moment. So he continued musing "What was to be done?" and perceiving himself that he was winning his onward way to the realization of his splendid visions, he had taken a single step on his journey.

During this mental process of his father's to decide upon what was to be done with him, young Charles was doing his best to forget the all quantity of Latin and Greek which he had been compelled to learn at school, and acquiring tastes and habits in which it was but little likely that he would be able to indulge, in the event of "anything happening to his father," as the modern phrase for the termination of man's mortal career runs. And thus another year rolled on; and, as my uncle predicted, time, not having been made their ally, had become their enemy, for Charles was less fit for college than at its commencement. Then the Doctor appeared to have girded himself with resolution, and was determined to begin, immediately after Christmas, to "read" steadily with his son.

[To be Continued.]

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

ON CONTENTMENT.

We should, if possible, my son, be content with our condition in the world; no-moderation, is highly becoming a superior mind; but to indulge in provoked hatred, does you much below those you despise. Do nothing—may urge your enemy to resentment; nothing that serves him as an excuse afterwards; and he will be less injury to you than are your real faults. Little things are cruel, but clemency is the virtue of great minds. Caesar asserted, that the most pleasing fruit of victories, arose from granting life to those who had captured him." Nothing is more honourable or delicate than this kind of revenge which men of honour allow themselves to take. As soon as an enemy repents—makes submission, all pretence of revenge is then called.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Presbyterian.

THE IMMORTAL.

"Well," said the sage, "speak, and thy request shall be granted."

"Venerable father, I replied, long have I lamented myself that the decree has gone forth, "ALL MUST DIE." The scholar toils at his studies, and when the pleasures of a hard-earned fame begin to glow within his bosom, they are suddenly chilled by the touch of death. The merchant laboriously accumulates wealth; but an inevitable doom deprives him of the enjoyment of his treasures. And so of all earthly pursuits—death blights each prospect, and curtails each pleasure. And, I, too, venerable father, have felt the saddening influence of obtruding reflections upon my mortal condition. I have eagerly sought happiness, but in the midst of my most pleasurable moments, the sudden thought of my inevitable fate has repressed my hilarity and clouded my mind with melancholy and gloom. The invasions of the last malady—the lingering pains—the convulsive throes of expiring nature, and then—the strange, inexplicable and dreadful change which succeeds—these thoughts poison life, and a thousand times have I exclaimed, oh! that I had never begun to live! Cheeringly would the sun shine—and glorious and desirable would be the earth as a habitation for man, were there no death. Father, I desire immortality."

"Reasonable is thy desire, said the sage, and it is already gratified. Thou hast commenced thy existence, and thou shalt never cease to exist. This world is the first stage of the being, and according to thy election, it may be eternally perpetuated in bliss or woe."

"Oh, venerable father, this I have often heard; but it is death which I wish to escape. Give me immortality on earth."

"My son, said the sage, little dost thou understand the import of thy request, but I have promised and will not retract. Drink the contents of this phial, and neither diseases, old age nor death shall assail you."

I eagerly took the draught, and the sage disappeared.

A strange tumult of joyous feelings swelled my heart under the consciousness that I should never die. I seemed to have entered upon a new existence; nature assumed a new aspect, and the exuberant joyousness of my heart burst forth in the exclamation, "Happy, thrice happy! no longer shall I indulge sorrowful reflections; gloomy forebodings shall be forever banished; I am immortal, and my pleasures shall be immortal too. Death shall no longer affright, nor the grave appal. Ye fountains of earthly enjoyment! pour forth your everlasting streams, that I may gratify my capacious desires!" I accordingly became a sensualist; and as I was no longer deterred by the dread of death, I gave myself up to the unlimited indulgence of all my natural appetites. I became a voluptuary in the fullest sense of the term. My companions were those who were disposed to indulge in every excess, and to tax their nature to the utmost. I learned the arts of a seducer, and became a libertine; I tasted the excitement of gambling, and became an adept; I regaled my tastes with the choicest viands;

my ear drank in the enchantments of music; and every object was sought which was attractive to the eye; in a word, I revelled in pleasure, and rejoiced that I was immortal.

Years rolled past, and each successive year furnished some new reason to distrust the permanency of my pleasures. I discovered the impossibility of securing universal respect and esteem. Enemies, at every turn, conspired to thwart some favourite project, and the most select associates of my revs. often betrayed an insincere attachment. A thousand disappointments afflicted me, and all the arts which I had so well studied, and so sedulously practised, could not at all times secure their objects. My sensual cravings grasped at many things which were hopeless beyond my reach, and the thought diminished my esteem for those which were attainable. I had fulfilled half a century, and there was no cessation of vigour, but the tuncages of the past began to rise up in unpleasant array. I had steeled my heart against remorse; yet still was I disturbed at the quick crowding thoughts of the unhappy and innocent victims, which I had betrayed and ruined. Many had died, friendless outcasts from society, hopeless in their despair, and loudly accusing me with their expiring breath. Others were still lingering upon earth in incurable wretchedness, and arising from the same cause. No art could debar such visions, or abstract from them the unpleasant reflections they awakened. Besides, I was doomed to see the companions of my debauchery, one after another, dropping into the grave. Some fell by apoplexy, and some by their own hand; some died in madness, and others by loathsome and consuming distempers; while those that remained, exhibited in their countenances the deep furrows of premature age and imbecility, or the unsightly and bloating effects of habitual intemperance. Their society became fatiguing; for I had heard repeated, even to disgust, all that they knew—all that they had to say; and when I supplied their place by younger associates, I soon found that these novices knew not the art of interesting one who had travelled so often the round of sensual pleasures.

A crisis was approaching, and I dreaded its occurrence. I had nearly completed my century, and although I felt not the chilling influence of age, for I was yet a youth, my pleasures were fast failing to interest and delight. The cup was placed to my lip, but an invincible disgust prevented the draught. I had resorted to every fountain—I had drunk of every stream—I had become acquainted with each variety of enjoyment. The road had been so often travelled, that it became irksome, and the dull monotony of repetition induced satiety. I earnestly longed for some new pleasure; yes, I would have given a premium for the slightest modifications of my long accustomed pursuits. But it could not be. The same forms of beauty could charm no longer—music struck discordantly on my ear—the shows and pageants which had once rivetted my gaze, had lost their brilliant colouring, and although my physical powers for enjoyment remained unimpaired, I was fatigued by their monotonous exercise, and to my despair I found that sensual and voluptuous habits lose their zest in proportion to the excess of their indulgence. I felt as if I could have courted pain for variety, or embraced death for the sake of its oblivion.

The second century had commenced, and a change of pursuits was determined upon—Me thought the cultivation of my intellectual nature would create a new source of pleasure, and prove more congenial to my immortal condition. I became addicted to study, and felt relief from the pains of the satiated sensualist, I sought the richly stored library, and chose it for my home and temple. My assiduity was unbounded, and I thought that to acquire knowledge, was to be happy. I mastered all languages—I treasured up all the stores of philosophy—I became acquainted with the history of men and events, from the earliest periods of time—I deeply studied the principles of sciences, and became an adept in all the arts. Nothing escaped my search—whole libraries were devoured, and the undiminished vigour of my immortal state sustained me under the most prodigious efforts. But before my second century was completed, I found the doom of disappointment tracking me in these my chosen pursuits. I discovered that the extent of what was known was not to be gauged by the multiplicity of books, and that a vast proportion of them were but repetitions of what had preceded them—new structures formed from old and borrowed materials. I found, too, that the capacity of the human mind in its present connection with a material body, had its limit, and that when filled, it could contain no more. The goal was in sight, beyond which I could not pass—and I was grieved. Besides, the ten thousand conflicting theories—the innumerable contradictory and irreconcilable statements—the truth and falsehood which I had imbibed in my unbounded reading, and which memory tenaciously retained, kept the mind in a perpetual ferment unfriendly to enjoyment. I was learned, it is true, beyond a parallel,—deeply and profoundly learned; but this exposed me to the envenomed shafts of jealousy, and my superiority, instead of veneration, awakened envy.

But a severe grief remains to be told. I had assiduously expended a century in acquiring knowledge, which placed me beyond the contact of congenial souls. When ignorant, I could choose from the multitude, many as ignorant as myself—when learned according to the common estimate, I could still select congenial associates; but when I had far surpassed the ordinary bound of knowledge, I had virtually excluded myself from the sympathies of the world. I sought the most celebrated for their learning; but I seldom found them skilled in more than one favourite science, whilst ignorant of the rest. The linguist was a mere linguist; the mathematician, a mere mathematician; and neither perfect in their chosen studies. If such was the case with the learned, how did the mass of society appear? Alas! I found I was living among children, and I was sorely disgusted with those, who scarcely able to babble the alphabet of the sciences, nevertheless plumed themselves upon their superior knowledge; superior truly, but superior only to the gross ignorance of the countless herd of mankind. I felt a sense of painful solitude amidst a bustling world, and found that in much knowledge there was much sorrow. I had made many singular discoveries in the sciences and arts, and with these at length I determined to astonish the world. They were prepared with the nicest accuracy, set off with all the arts of eloquence

and published for the information of mankind. Bitter was my disappointment. They were too far in advance of human knowledge—they were not comprehended or cared for, by the multitude, and were ridiculed as visionary, by the learned! I cursed my learning and wished that death would release me from a world so deeply immersed in ignorance.

I had already advanced into my third century and resolved to attempt the search of happiness in new pursuits. I accumulated wealth—I built a splendid mansion—I indulged in all the splendours of princely state—I sought and obtained political distinction, but these gratified only for a brief season, and as the charm of novelty disappeared, they were found to be but empty baubles. To be Concluded next week.

#### YONG SEAMAN.

A youth about 17 or 18 years of age called upon a young man to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had been at any of the services on board a ship? He said, "Yes, the last evening only. Yesterday I landed from my voyage; and this afternoon I am bound to Scotland to see my friends. My visit to the Bethel chapel has been the means of great comfort to my mind." "I am glad you found it so," observed the Secretary. "Were you unhappy?" "I will relate, Sir, (said he,) what took place during my late voyage. I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel for the West Indies, as second mate; the most wicked wretch that ever sailed on salt water; chiefly for swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to his ship's company, cared not either for his own soul, or for the souls of his ship's crew. We had been at sea sixteen days: it came on night: it was my watch on deck: the night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time: we had most of our lower sails set; I was walking fore and aft on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it I was capsized, and came right against one of the stanchions. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath; cursing the wind, the ship, the sea, and (awful to mention) the Being that made them. Scarcely had this horrid oath escaped my lips, when it seemed to roll back on my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting, and the vessel going down. I took the helm from the man who was at it, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was passing before my eyes, like a spectre; and its consequences appeared to be my certain damnation. For many days I was miserable. Ashamed to own the cause, I asked one of the men, if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel by Rousseau. I asked if he had a Testament or Bible? He answered by asking if I were going to die? for his part, he said, he never troubled his head about Bible or Prayer book; he left all these matters to the Priest, to whom he left part of his pay, to pray for him; if I had done so, I should not have been so squeamish. The captain, I knew, had a Bible, but I was unwilling to ask the loan of it.

\* "The Bethel" is a large ship fitted up for divine worship amongst the sailors; or, a church built for their special use.

Seven days thus passed in the greatest torment, this dreadful oath was always before me. I could not pray: indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day, I was turning over some trifle in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped up in paper: putting his hand at the same time into his jacket pocket, and from a small red case pulling the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah. "Oh! how my heart throbbled, when I found it a piece of the Bible." At that moment, tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed his face to his bosom. "But, Sir," continued he, "conceive what I felt when I read these words: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" Here he paused to wipe the tears away. "O! Sir," he added, like a drowning man I clung to the life-buoy. I then prayed, and the Lord graciously pleased to remove, in some measure, the great guilt of my conscience, though continued mournful and bowed down, until evening on board the May-flower, I set away with the Bethel Company. I felt much comforted with the service. It deeply affected me, and I now trust that the Lord has forgiven my great sin."

Reader, consider this instance of the value of a single leaf of the sacred Scriptures; and I beg you to read the chapter which was great a blessing to the young man. And let the spirit of God so stamp it on your mind, that it may lead you to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Professor Hayne, of Tingen used to relate that the first impressions of mind were made by the tears of his mother lamenting that she was not able to find bread for her children.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

God loves the poorest saint on earth, incomparably better than any angel in heaven loves God.

In conversation, aim more at God's honour than thine own; the one is the character of a devil; the other of a saint.

Turn a deaf ear to the backbiter; if thou receive not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward, and wound the receiver.

An ungrateful mind is the devil's lodging-house, supported with five pillars, viz. ignorance, pride, content, covetousness, and envy.

#### POETRY.

##### THE RETROSPECT.

Oh it is wise at times to stand,  
And view the backward scene of life,  
To gaze o'er all the trodden land,  
And mark each pyramid of strife;  
Since he who brought us hitherto,  
Will guide us all our journey through.

What though fresh changes may await,  
And mark our pilgrimage below?  
Past recollections should abate,  
And guard us from surprising woe;  
Since he who brought us hitherto,  
Will guide us all our journey through.

Then let our souls fresh courage take,  
And press toward the heavenly prize,  
Implore new strength, for Jesus' sake,  
And urge our passage to the skies;  
So he who brought us hitherto,  
Will guide us all our journey through.